



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 17, 1882.

NUMBER 178.

KEY WINDING WATCHES CHANGED TO STEM WINDERS.

J. BALLENGER at Albert's China Store adjoining Pearce, Wallingford & Co.'s Bank, ap14nd

J. C. PECOR & CO., —AGENTS FOR—

BUIST'S Garden Seed

A fresh supply just received.
NO OLD SEED,
All this year's purchase. Call and get a catalogue. ap21ly J. C. PECOR & CO.

WALL PAPER

—AND— WINDOW SHADES

Every style and pattern, as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and examine our stock. ap21ly J. C. PECOR & CO.

F. H. TRAXEL, Baker and Confectioner

ICE CREAM A SPECIALTY.
The only manufacturer of PURE STICK CANDY in the city. Orders for weddings and parties promptly attended to. my2dly

F. L. TRAYSER, PIANO MANUFACTURER

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House
Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices. Terms and Equities. n1.7

T. J. CURLEY, Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter

dealer in Bath Tubs, Hydrant Pumps, Iron and Lead Pipe, Globe, Angle and Check Valves, Rubber Hose and Sewer Pipe. All work warranted and done when promised. Second street, opposite White & Ort's. ap3

WILLIAM CAUDLE,

Manufacturer and Inventor of

TRUSSES.

Made Double or Single for men or boys. Address WILLIAM CAUDLE, care T. K. Ball & Son, Maysville, Ky. ap14dawy

GARDEN SEEDS.

We have reopened our Seed Store on Market Street one door above the Red Corner Clothing Store and have on hand an entirely new stock of

DREER'S PHILADELPHIA GARDEN SEEDS.

We have also Seed Potatoes, Onion Sets, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Cabbage, Tomato and Sweet Potato Plants of all varieties in season. Also a full stock of Florists' Goods of all kinds at wholesale or retail.

CUT FLOWERS

—AND—

Floral Designs,

made to order at short notice. 124mdaw C. P. DIETRICH & BRO.

T. LOWRY,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY

CROCERIES,

Teas, Tobacco, Cigars, Queensware, Woodenware, Glassware, Notions, &c. Highest price paid for Country Produce. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

Cor. Fourth and Plum Streets, ap21ly

BARGAINS.

LACE BUNTINGS FOR 10 Cents

worth 20c per yard. Cheap Lawns, India Linens and Dotted Swiss. Call and see them. ap14ly H. G. SMOOT.

LANGDON'S

—CITY BUTTER—

CRACKERS.

For sale by all grocers. ap213md

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last—No One Need Suffer!

A sure cure for blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian remedy) called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five or thirty years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrics do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. Williams' Pile Ointment: "I have used scores of pile cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave me such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment." For sale by George T. Wood or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Skin Diseases Cured

By Dr. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cure as if by magic, pimples, black head or grubs, blotches and eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures itch, barber's itch, salt rheum, tetter, ringworm, scald head, chapped hands, sore nipples, sore lips, old obstinate ulcers and sores, &c.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. Drake, Esq., Cleveland, O., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment and was cured by a few applications.

The first and positive cure for skin diseases ever discovered.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, fifty cents

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

For blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerated piles. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure. Price \$1, by mail. For sale by George T. Wood, druggist.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whisky beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For dizziness, rush of blood to the head tending to apoplexy, dyspepsia, fever and ague, dropsy, pimples and blotches, scrofulous humors and sores, tetter, ring worm, white swelling, erysipelas, sore eyes and for young men suffering from weakness or debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for dyspepsia, dizziness, weakness and kidney disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest blessings.

MRS. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O.

Sold by George T. Wood at \$1 per bottle.
HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Myrtle's Devotion.

From "How Suckers Bite in Chicago," by Murat Halstead.

"Myrtle, dear?"
"Yes, George, what is it?" replied the girl, glancing slowly upward.

The radiant glory of a summer moon shone down upon the earth this June night, bathing in all its mellow splendor the leafy branches of the sturdy old oaks that had for centuries shaded the entrance to Castle McMurdy and laughed defiance to the fierce gales that every winter came howling down in all their cruel force and fury from the moorlands lying to the westward of the castle. On the edge of the broad demesne that stretched away to the south stood a large, brindled cow, and as the moonlight flicked with silvery lustre her starboard ribs she seemed to Myrtle a perfect picture of sweet content and almost holy calm.

"Is it not a beautiful night, dearest?" murmured the girl. "See how the moonbeams flutter down through the trees, making strange lights and shadows that flit among the shrubs and flowers in such a weird, ghost-like fashion. The dell is indeed clothed in loveliness to-night sweet-heart."

"Yes," said George W. Simpson, "this is the boss dell"—and then looking down into the pure, innocent face that was lifted to his, he took in his own broad, third-base palm the little hand that erstwhile held up Myrtle's polonaise. As they stood there silently in the bosky glade George passed his arm silently but firmly around Myrtle's waist.

The noble girl did not shy.

"Do you love me, sweetheart?" he asked in accents that were tremulous with tenderness.

Myrtle's head was drooped now, and the rosy blushes of Calumet-avenue innocence were chasing each other across her peachy cheeks.

George drew her more closely to him. If a mosquito had tried to pass between them then it would have been bad—for the mosquito.

"Can you doubt me, darling?" he whispered. "You surely must know that I love you with a wild, passionate whoa-Emma love that can never die. Do you not love me a little in return?"

For an instant the girl did not speak. George heard the whisking of the brindled cow's tail break in rudely upon the solemn stillness of the night, and ever and anon came the dull thud of the bull-frog as he jumped into a neighboring pond. Presently Myrtle placed her arms about his neck, and with a wistful, baby's-got-the-cram look in her sweet face, she said to him, "I love you, George, with a deathless devotion that will eventually keep you broke." And with these fateful words she adjusted her rumped bang, and fearlessly led the way to an ice-cream fair.

That "Golden Rose."

The society reporter of the Critic (a friend of Mrs. Gen. Sherman, by the way), writes: "I am sorry to miss the romance of the 'Golden Rose,' which had been so often printed during the past week, but I heard Mrs. Sherman say, in answer to some questions about it: 'No, I did not receive it, and it has never been given to any American lady. The only time I can now recall that it was ever presented to any one of the rank less than royalty was way back in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, when it was given to Sir Reginald Mohun, a simple Knight, to whose possessions the Pope added large domains in order that his revenues might equal the honor done him.'"

Julia Mobley drew a sharp knife, at Edgefield, S. C., and slashed an inoffensive stranger from shoulder to wrist. They had never met before, and not a word preceded the attack. The explanation is that Mobley's natural murderousness was increased by drink. The Edgefield Advertiser gently admonishes him that he "ought to be restrained," and that if he does that way again "justice will have to take its course."

MR. MONKEY'S BOY.

How he Created a Sensation.

Recently Mr. Monkey's boy took the family cat and rubbed phosphorus all over him. It was about nightfall when he completed the job and let the cat go. The cat got into a barrel and began to howl, and that attracted the attention of a bulldog, and he came along and danced about and barked and got terribly excited. It was a case of "dog in the light, cat in the shadow, dog full of fight, cat growing madder." Pretty soon the dog upset a barrel and went in after the cat. But it was a surprise party for him. The phosphorus glowed in the darkness and he beheld a cat on fire. He came out of that barrel and went off howling as though a policeman had stepped on him.

Then the cat went up on the roofs where other cats do congregate, and tried to chum with 'em. But it was no go. They fled from him as if he was a bootjack. He didn't understand it and gave chase, and as there were about forty cats on those roofs, and they were all scared, and fled from him howling dismally, the noise was something fearful, so the folks in the vicinity who heard it were scared and had cold sweats. The cats continued to tear about and yell so that it couldn't be endured. Mr. Monkey and others got up and went upon the roofs with clubs. And at first sight of a fiery cat it frightened them, and one old lady who saw it screamed and fell through a skylight and nearly killed a man sleeping beneath it, and made him think Mother Shipton was right. Finally, Mr. Monkey and his friends made a desperate charge on the fiery cat, and the poor cat took a flying leap to the street.

He hit on a policeman, saving his life, but nearly scaring the officer out of his wits, as he thought he was struck by lightning. The cat jumped to the ground, and an astronomer came along and took him for an aerolite and tried to pick him up. To his amazement the aerolite ran. Then he was scared too. Finally the cat got into a stable, and somebody thought it was a fire, and they called out the engines and got seven streams turned on him. He fought well, but they fixed him. And then investigation showed no fire but only a dead cat. And they told the stableman he was a cross-eyed fool to mistake a cat's eyes for a fire and so they left him. All the neighbors are talking of the mysterious fiery cat, and only young Monkey understands the mystery.—Boston Post.

A Feminine Race.

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial: Lawyer Belva A. Lockwood's tricycle stood at the President's front door for fifteen minutes this afternoon, while Belva filed her petition for appointment on the Utah Commission. It is not as yet announced whether she will be preferred to Phoebe Cousins, who has been on record as an applicant much longer. The contest between these two eminent agitators for this appointment, promises to be a lively one. There was fire in Belva's gray eyes as she rode down the avenue, her gray hair streaming in the wind, on that wonderful tricycle which attracts so much attention.

Chester Doesn't Worry.

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial: President Arthur is back from his New York trip, which can not, on the whole, be said to have been a particularly successful one. He is not a man to worry much over anything, however, and, setting on the broad semi-circular porch overlooking the White House lawn, at the Saturday afternoon band concert, he seemed as happy as though there was no faction quarrels in New York, and no party split in Pennsylvania, or anything else to disturb the serenity of Presidential life.

Cinchona tree on Mount St. Helena, in Napa county, Cal., 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, are doing well. The mountain there is over 4,000 feet high.